To New York

Little green tables, Parisian
in their dainty uprightness,
extend across the grass,
a marching band plays

in the distance,
a small boy chases
smaller pigeons, his father
grasping a fleeting moment,

memory
of friends gathered on blankets,
plastic cups of wine,
Monday night movies in July.

New York
is raw
no bullshit living.
It is its people,

the abruptness of a woman's stride,
the caffeine rush of bodies
flooding in, stern faces
beginning their stern days,

jazz jam in Grand Central Station,
a father begging for a dime,
new faces, unfamiliar
speech, orange dress and blue jeans,

pigeons and their Egyptian walk,
a tiny bird fighting
for a piece of bread that must be
twice her size.